

# The Hot Seat

## Scarface

Just waking up I gotta thank god  
Fired up a square, that's how my day starts  
Early mornin' buzzin' got me lookin' at life  
Outside I see movin' bitches look at the lights  
It's just another Saturday it seems like  
Got dressed and hit the corner with my team right  
Smoke it, roll it up and pass it around  
Now I'm stoned and my ass is barely draggin' the ground  
No sooner than you think I would've thought of  
A cop walks over, never saw him  
"Excuse me, mister officer man, I wasn't tryna disrespect"  
And started coughin' again  
Eyes red as a bandana  
And one time heavy on his antenna  
At his request they sent a squad car  
And then they put my black ass behind bars Oh, sittin' on this concrete couch, just waitin'  
For the judge to say that I'm gon' be free today  
Oh, sittin' in this concrete box, just sayin'  
It's been a shitty day, can't find no other words to say  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah) Fingerprinted and gettin' booked in  
They fed a nigga [?], so I took ten  
Cause I'm knowing that I'll be sittin' here the whole night  
Empty trunk tank, it's finna be a cold flight  
I finally come up on some housin'  
Old celly, so I'm bettin' me a thousand  
And plus I got a bottom bunk pass  
Boss came in with his punk ass  
Talkin' to a nigga like it's date time  
Askin' where I'm from, I'm from H-town  
Niggas askin' me what I'm in for  
Nosy motherfuckers want some info  
I tell him, "Dog, I ain't done shit  
You know these redneck crackers think they run shit."  
It's lights out, I tie my mat down  
Chuck it on the rack and stretch my ass out Oh, sittin' on this concrete couch, just waitin'  
For the judge to say that I'm gon' be free today  
Oh, sittin' in this concrete box, just sayin'  
It's been a shitty day, can't find no other words to say

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Songwriters

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